But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
*Brok.* Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
*Clar.* O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood.
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out aloud,
*Clarence* is come, false, fleeting periur'd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
*Brok.* No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.
*Cla.* O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.
*Brok.* I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and repeating howres,
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's



There's nothing differs but the outw
*The murderers en*
In Gods name what are you, and how
*Exe.* I would speake with *Clarenc*
*Bro.* Yea, are ye so briefe?
2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be br
Shew him your Commission, talke
*Bro.* I am in this commanded to de
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your h
I will not reason what is meant therei
Because I will be guiltlesse of the mea
Heere are the keyes, there sits the D
Ile to his maiesty and certifie his Gr
That thus I haue resignd my place t
*Exe.* Do so it is apoynt of wisdom
2. What shall we stab him as he slee
1. Noe then he will say twas done c
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till th
1. Why then he will say we stabd
2. The vrging of that word Iudgem
A kinde of remorse in me.
1. What art afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warran
For killing him, from which no warr
1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*,
2, I pray thee stay a while, I hop
Change, twas wont to hold me but
1. How doest thou feele thy selfe
2. Faith some certaine dregs of co
1. Remember our reward when th
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot th
1. Where is thy conscience now?
2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.
1. So when he opens his purse to g
Thy conscience flies out.
2. Let it goe ther's few or none wi
1. How if it come to thee againe?



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37